

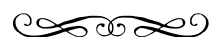
TIMOTHY JUHL

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Along the Fence, Bittersweet

The fields have turned and  
the light slants low these  
first days when summer  
succumbs; a certain  
ebbing of hours settles  
into the farms; the silos  
stand as ruins and we  
shake the dust out  
of our coats and blankets,  
worry the onionskins  
are thick this year and  
mice seek lapses in  
our prudence. Dusk  
dwindles, my dogs  
tumble and romp ahead—  
calendars mean nothing  
to them, instead one  
sniffs a crumbled leaf  
and we turn for home;  
in the early night sky,  
the ghost of a moon;  
and along the fence,  
bittersweet.

HERON TREE  
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## ABOUT TIMOTHY JUHL

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Timothy Juhl's work has appeared in *Red River Review*, *The Madison Review*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, *New Delta Review*, and *The Chiron Review*. He has taught poetry at juvenile detention centers and at the Dunedin Fine Arts Center in Florida. He lives in Delhi, Iowa, where he works as a short-order cook, and he will be entering Pacific University's MFA program. He can be found online at *In Theory, You Let Go* ([joeydaytona.blogspot.com](http://joeydaytona.blogspot.com)).

